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WIDENER



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Eye Inner Life



HYMNS

ON THE IMITATION OF CHRIST

Harvard College Library



Imitatio Christi

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E/S

The Inner Life.

HYMNS

ON

THE "IMITATION OF CHRIST" BY
THOMAS A'KEMPIS;

Designed especially for Use at
Holy Communion.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THOUGHTS FROM A GIRL'S LIFE,"
"LIGHT AT EVENTIDE," &c.

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REV. 22, 1921

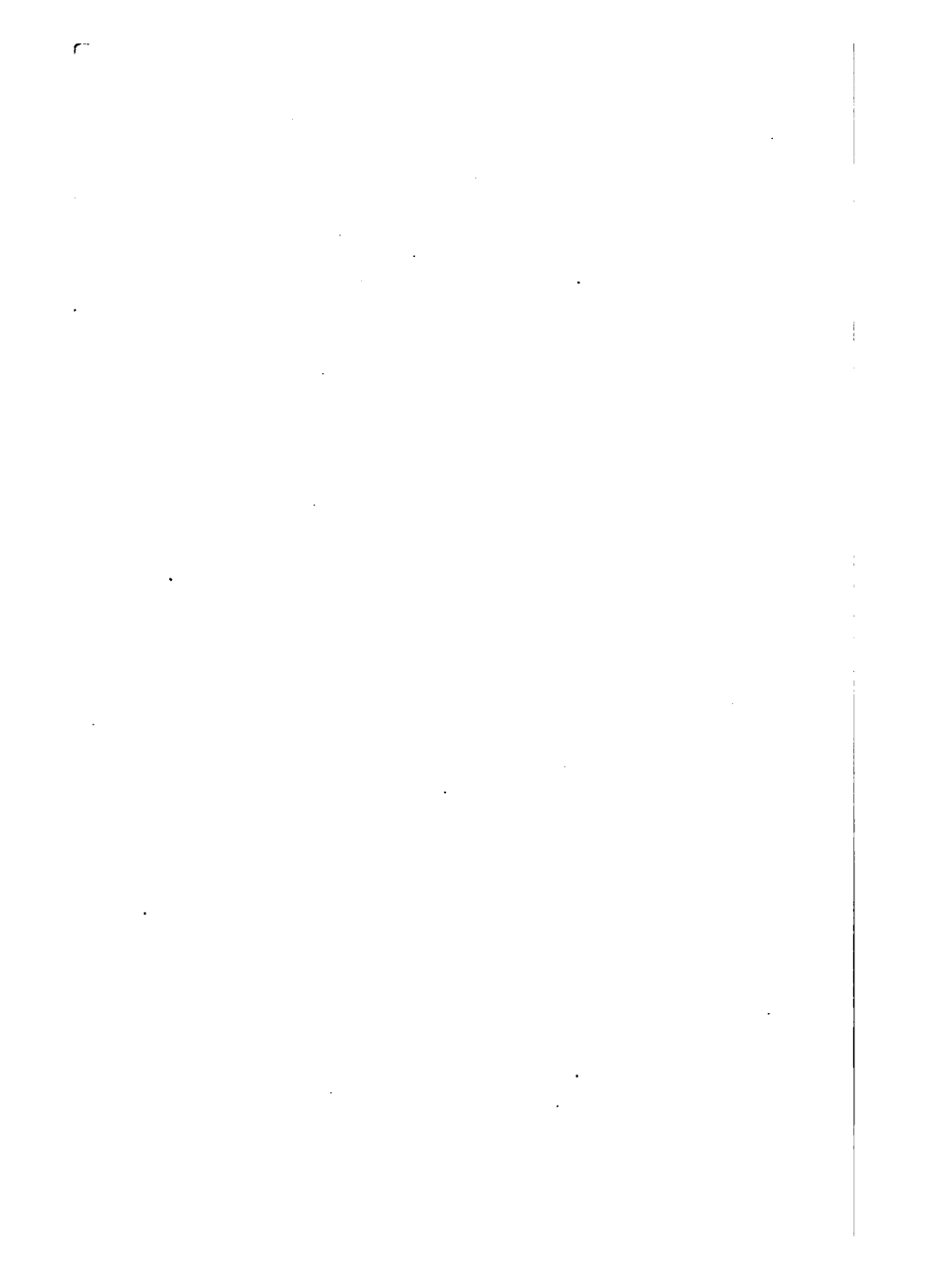
“Exponebantque illi quendam sacræ historiæ sive doctrinæ sermonem, præcipientes ei, si posset, hunc in modulationem carminis transferre.”—BEDA, *Eccles. Hist.*, lib. iv.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,
TO THE
VERY REV. THE DEAN OF NORWICH.

"I have been much pleased with the devout spirit and true appreciation of Thomas à Kempis, as well as with the poetical power of several of these pieces, and I think the work likely to approve itself to the minds of earnest and thoughtful Church-people."

E. MEYRICK GOULBURN.

Deanery, Norwich.



PREFACE.

IN the silent intervals of Holy Communion we often feel the need of some words by which our hearts may be guided into fuller sympathy and deeper adoration.

Many have found the form of verse for this purpose the most helpful; both as speaking more directly to the heart, and as being with greater ease held in the memory.

These verses are intended as a contribution towards the supply of this need. They do not profess to be a transcript in metre of the words we have all loved so long, nor even a rhythmical paraphrase of separate passages; but rather strains, the keynote of which was struck long ago by the teacher who, in the deep retirement of his saintly life, had learnt to know the hidden things of God and the mysteries of the human heart.

PREFACE.

Apart from the separate use of each passage, the book has a sequence, designed to follow the progressive thought of the work on which it is founded, though the strain with which it opens may be heard throughout the whole.

The passage from the "Imitation" placed before each hymn, is intended as a key to the longer paragraph which has suggested it.

I. F. M.

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OF THE LOVE OF JESUS.

I.

“Christ will come unto thee, and shew thee
His consolations, if thou prepare for Him a
worthy mansion within thee.”—Book ii. chap. 1.

WILL the Christ come to me?
Where shall He dwell?

Can I a temple be,
I a pure cell?
Can I with melody
Welcome Him well?

Most in a contrite heart
Takes He delight;
Yea, although shut apart,
Darkened by night,
Yet comes He where thou art,
Festive in white.

B

Of the Love of Jesus.

Then such a home prepare ;
All things make meet ;
Till thy Guest, entering there,
Glad thou mayst greet,
With balm and unguents rare
Bathing His feet.

There will He shut the door,
Finding His treasure,
Dwell with thee evermore,
Taking His pleasure ;
Giving, of richest store,
Gifts without measure.

See what a blessed place
Henceforth it is ;
Gives not thy Guest, of grace,
Beauty and bliss ;
Shews there another face
Tender as His.



II.

"O faithful soul, make ready thy heart for this Bridegroom, that He may vouchsafe to come unto thee, and dwell within thee."—Book ii. chap. 1.

NOW make thee ready, faithful soul,
Behold thy Bridegroom come,
Put off the garments of thy dole,
And richly deck thy room;
That He, who shall thy heart control,
May make that heart His home.

"If any love Me," He hath said,
"If any keep My word,
I am about his path, his bed,
His Friend and loving Lord;
I pour the wine, I break the bread,
And bless them at his board."

If thou art Christ's all things are thine,
Full shews thy garnered store;

Of the Love of Jesus.

What most in any man doth shine,
In Him hast thou the more :
Joys that thine heart dare scarce divine,
He giveth them before.

The earth will pass, men's hearts are frail,
Our love hath many a spot ;
Not through eternity will pale
Christ's love which changeth not ;
Of that great Heart no beat shall fail,
No yearning be forgot.



III.

"In Heaven ought to be thy home, and all earthly things are to be looked upon as it were by the way."

Book II. chap. 1.

WHY dost thou linger, and forsake thy quest?

Gaze not around thee, this is not thy rest.
Each pleasant vista draws aside thine eyes,
Lift them afar, where dim the mountains rise ;
The flush of flame that crowns the topmost peak,
Be that thy goal, toward that high beacon seek.

Earth's sunshine, flowers, and music, all must pass ;
Long shadows creep already o'er the grass ;
Fair blossoms gathered but an hour ago,
Strew, in thy clasp, their faded leaves below ;
The melody whose key-note was of earth
Passes in discord with what gave it birth.

Cleave not to these ; beware thou, lest thou die
With these that perish : lift thy heart on high ;
Yea, let thy thought on God Most High take hold,
Round Him, the Strongest, all thy longings fold ;
Instant in prayer continuing evermore,
For prayer hath wings on which the soul may soar.

Of the Love of Jesus.

Canst thou not reach this height, nor, reaching, cling?
Thine unfledged thoughts fall beating with spent wing:
Take refuge in the sacred wounded side
Of Him who for thy sake lived, suffered, died:
Yea, dwell there rapt: the soul achieves her quest,
That findeth Christ, nor need seek yet for rest.

What shall assail thee there? What spear shall smite?
The wound He felt becomes thy shield of might.
What slight of men? He for thy sake hath borne
Brand, curse, and mocking, and a whole world's scorn.
Sorrow can make thee but the closer be
Unto that heart of Christ—broken for thee.



IV.

"If thou hadst but once perfectly entered into the secrets of the Lord Jesus, and tasted a little of His ardent love ; then wouldest thou not regard thine own convenience or inconvenience, but rather wouldest rejoice at slanders, if they should be cast upon thee."—Book ii. chap. 1.

THERE is a secret place of rest
God's saints alone may know ;
Thou shalt not find it east nor west,
Though seeking to and fro.
A cell where Jesus is the door,
His love the only key :
Who enter will go out no more,
But there with Jesus be.

If thou hadst dwelt within that place,
Then would thine heart the while,
In vision of the Saviour's face,
Forget all other smile ;
Forget the charm earth's waters had,
If once thy foot had trod
Beside the river that makes glad
The city of our God.

Of the Love of Jesus.

If once such joy had filled thine heart,
Earth's hatred, or earth's scorn
Would seem but as a moment's smart,
Forgot as soon as borne.
Nay, thou in pain, or shame, or loss,
Christ's fellowship wouldst see,
And with thine heart embrace the cross
On which He hung for thee.

Wouldst count it blest to live, to die,
Where He is all in all ;
Where rapt, earth unperceived goes by,
And from ourselves we fall.
Till, from His secret place below,
To mansions fair above,
He leads thee, there to make thee know
The perfect joys of love.



V.

"God protecteth the humble and delivereth him."

Book ii. chap. 2.

ÆTERNITY for home
Hath God, yet doth He come,
And in an humble heart
Will take His part.

Yea, whoso gentle is,
And meek, God counts for His ;
This man shall know God's grace,
Shall see His face.

Under the shade of wings,
The wings of God, he clings ;
In every evil day
Hath God for stay.

The love of God is given
To make on earth his heaven ;
Such love casts out his fear,
And wipes each tear.

Of the Love of Jesus.

Yea, after lowly days,
God girdeth him with praise ;
And on his brow, bent down,
Doth set a crown.

Yet greater far is this,
Oh inner heart of bliss !
God's secret things made known,
His counsels shewn.

Yea, by the might of love,
His whole soul drawn above,
Finds perfect joy and rest
On Jesu's breast.



VI.

"By two wings, a man is lifted up from things earthly, namely, by Simplicity and Purity."—
Book ii. chap. 4.

BY two fair wings seek thou to rise
Above the things that hold thine eyes :
Let dove-like Purity outspread
Her snowy feathers o'er thine head ;
By calm Simplicity upborne,
Bathe all thy soul in airs of morn.

With single eye, with simple thought,
Be every work designed and wrought ;
And let thine heart, in will sincere,
To God lie open, crystal-clear ;
Nor gloomed by sin, nor stirred by strife,
A glass of every holy life.

For to the simple God hath given
To trace on earth the signs of heaven ;
Nor is there anything so small,
Pure hearts may not see God in all ;
Whoso is wise shall understand
God's goodness writ on every hand.

VII.

"Keep close to Jesus both in life and in death, and commit thyself unto His trust, who, when all fail, can alone help thee."—Book II. chap. 7.

KEEP thou close in life to Jesus,
For thy life is He ;
Trust all to Him, and for thy part
Look where He may be ;
Follow where'er He goes, that thus thou may
Find Him Beginning, Guide, and End, and
Way.

Keep thou close in death to Jesus,
For death dies in Him ;
And He alone, when all things fail,
When all light grows dim,
Can take thine hands and lead, can fold His
arms
Beneath, and bear thee out of reach of harms.

Wouldst thou give thyself to Jesus,
Then be His alone ;
Let this King, and not another,
Sit on thy heart's throne ;

Of the Love of Jesus.

Yea, as a Lord move up and down within,
To sway thy will, to cast out every sin.

Canst thou lean on aught but Jesus?
 Make the reeds thy stay;
Tall reeds that curve along the wind,
 Where soft waters play?
Canst hope to find the grass for ever green,
That springeth up and fades as soon as seen?

All thou trustest out of Jesus,
 Count thou that for loss;
No strength can be save strength in Him,
 No love but His cross.
Light, joy, bliss, purity, yea, all things fair
And lovely, and of good report, are there.



VIII.

"When Jesus is present, all is well, and nothing seems difficult ; but when Jesus is absent, every thing is hard."—Book ii. chap. 8.

WHERE the smile of Jesus dwelleth
Every heart is well at ease,
Weakness o'er the world excelleth,
Strong to do whate'er He please.

Joyous feast-days are we keeping,
If but Jesus speak a word,
E'en as Mary left her weeping,
Going forth to meet the Lord.

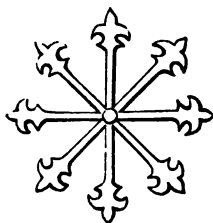
Happy morning, when to gladness
Jesus weary hearts will raise,
Putting off the robe of sadness,
Girding them with joy and praise.

Who hath Jesus for his treasure,
Hath a good above all good,
Yea, a bliss that knows no measure,
Love and wisdom understood.

Of the Love of Jesus.

Blest is he who nothing chooseth
Save with Jesus thus to live,
Glad for this all else he loseth,
Seeking what the Lord will give.

Every day of Jesus learning ;
All his hope and longing this,
All his spirit's deepest yearning
To be with Him where He is.



IX.

"It is matter of great skill to know how to hold converse with Jesus; and to know how to keep Jesus, a point of great wisdom."—Book ii. chap. 8.

NOW must thine house be ordered fair,
If Jesus deign to meet thee there;
If fain thou wouldst that He abide,
And keep a constant holytide.

Contrite for sins of evil will,
Humble because thou fearest still,
And peaceful, in the daily grace
Of such as see the Saviour's face.

Calm must thy spirit ever be,
If Christ indeed abide with thee;
By thoughts devout and quiet trod,
As best beseems the house of God.

If in and out throng restless cares,
If worldly love His worship shares,
Perchance thy guest some saddest day,
With tears for ruth, must pass away.

Of the Love of Jesus.

If thus thou drivest from thine heart
The Lord of love, whose child thou art,
Where, far or near, hast thou to send,
In hope to find another friend ?

Oh lonely heart ! Oh shrine laid bare !
The very home of Christ was there.
Nay, let the whole world pass thee by,
So Christ abide for company.



X.

"Why seekest thou rest, since thou art born
to labour?"—Book II. chap. 10.

SHALL we ever seek for rest
Who are born for noble toil?
Wearily forsake our quest,
Sitting down beside the spoil.

No! with patience arm each heart,
Put the robe of comfort by,
Choose the cross to be our part,
Conflict before victory.

Oh the sweetness in the pain!
Who shall dare to call it loss;
Though we count not up our gain,
Marching underneath the cross.

Give us vigil, peace, or strife,
Seeming failure, vanquished foe,
So we see the Lamb our Life
On the banner as we go.

XI.

"Why therefore fearest thou to take up the
Cross which leadeth thee to a kingdom?"

Book II. chap. 12.

WALKING on the King's highway,
Who is this doth bid thee stay?
Lo the master draweth nigh,
Going up to Calvary;
"Neath this cross I faint for thee,"
Saith He, "bear it after Me."

Take it gladly for His love,
Prize it all thy joys above,
For the anguish He must bear,
Sin of thine, and thy despair;
For the fellowship of pain,
And the loss that bringeth gain:

Thou shalt prove its mystic might
In the hour of fiercest fight;
Think not once to lay it down,
For it leads thee to a crown;
Signet, watchword, key, is this
To thy Saviour's realm of bliss.

Of the Love of Jesus.

Balm of heavenly sweetness, gained
By the bitter cup He drained,
Strength of fainting hearts, where He
Knew desertion's agony,
Joy of spirit, virtue's height,
And a pureness perfect white.

Take it, then ; upon thine heart,
Bind it, rich with all thou art ;
Freshly take it every day
With a heart that learns to say,
“Through the love of Him who died,
I, with Christ, am crucified.”



XII.

"The Cross therefore is always ready, and everywhere waits for thee."

Book II. chap. 12.



H pulse which tells the living breath,
In every beat this word it saith,
"There is no way to life but death."

Never was gain but first came loss ;
Who treads the highway of the Cross
Must count all earthly store but dross.

Seek what thou list, go where thou may,
Thou shalt not find a safer way
To win through darkness to the day.

In heart, in will, in form, in soul,
Admitted or beyond control,
The Cross has part in bliss or dole.

If joys long known lose half their sweet,
If bliss attained be incomplete,
It is the Cross that checks thy feet.

Of the Love of Jesus.

Thy God hath willed it should be so,
That every one of His may know
Uncomforted to suffer woe.

Thus, for a moment, tried thou art,
That thou mayst guess His grief of heart
The while He wept and prayed apart.


When in the garden, left alone,
For thee in anguish prayed the Son,
“Father, Thy will, not Mine, be done.”



XIII.

"For whilst he willingly putteth himself under it, all the burden of tribulation is turned into the confidence of Divine comfort.

"And the more the flesh is wasted by affliction, so much the more is the spirit strengthened by inward grace."—Book II. chap. 12.

 LL in the eventide,
Before the Saviour died,
There came a blessed angel to His side ;
Where, grieving heavily
For anguish that must be,
He knelt on the wet ground of sad Gethsemane.

Oh terrible the night,
Ghastly the moon's pale light,
In awful shadows brooding wan and white.
A moment—all was clear ;
The distant heavens drew near,
As down their depths an angel winged with cheer.

One moment not alone
Knelt earth's deserted One,
Fronting the doom He knew, yet would not shun :

Of the Love of Jesus.

Strengthened His cross to bear,
In agony of prayer,
To grasp the might that should avail Him there.

And, e'en to thee, shall come,
When falls thine hour of doom,
An angel sent thee from thy Father's home :
God, from His holy place,
Shall give a sign of grace,
Although He seem awhile to hide His face.

Oh who but thou canst know
The blessing in that woe,
That doth God's tender love more clearly show ;
Oh who but thou shalt hear
The words of peace and cheer,
That give thee strength to pray till God draw near.

Put not thy cross away ;
Still in the garden stay,
Patient in darkness, waiting for the day.
Trust shall grow strong to bear,
Courage shall grasp despair,
Jesus Himself shall come and meet thee there.



XIV.

"Drink of the Lord's cup with hearty affection, if thou desire to be His friend, and to have part with Him."—Book ii. chap. 12.

BEHOLD this sacred cup,
The cup of grief; fear not to take it up;
Think how Christ's blessed lips have touched its brim,
Oh drink it after Him!

Not from His hand it passed,
Till of its bitter drops He drained the last;
Drained it for thee, that thou might'st never know
The uttermost of woe.

Was it not all for thee,
His baptism of blood, His night of agony;
For thee He bore the tempest, the dark hour,
Thine but the after shower.

Let this thy gladness make,
That something thou mayst suffer for His sake;
Taste of His cup, and in His chrism share,
And learn His cross to bear.

Of the Love of Jesus.

The cup to thee shall prove
Not, as to Him, a draught of death, but love ;
For balm among its bitter drops is poured,
So loving is thy Lord.

Yea, medicine to thy soul,
Its taste shall be, to make thy sickness whole :
Drink, and rejoice thus, in thy sharpest woe,
God's love yet more to know.



OF CHRIST SPEAKING INWARDLY.

I.

"I will hearken what the Lord God will speak
in me."—Book iii. chap. 1, 2.

NOW would I hear what God the Lord will say ;
He speaks in the closed chambers of my heart,
Let me keep silence through the night and day,
Shut out all voice of earth, and dwell apart.

Speak, for Thy servant heareth ; sweet and low
As One at hand, yet from the very heaven ;
The still small voice Thy chosen servants know,
To whom the messages of grace are given.

O blessed are the ears that hear that tone,
The hearts that know the voice of their Beloved ;
God cometh down to walk with them alone,
They gaze upon His brightness unreprieved.

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

They are not ravished by the sweetest tune,
That in its cadence breathes no hint of heaven ;
Life's love goes whispering through the world's young
June ;
Love that is born of God to them is given.

Ever unmarked by them earth's syrens sing,
For all their heart doth hearken a sweet psalm.
Wrapped in the blessed vision of the King,
And compassed with inviolable calm.



II.

"The noble love of Jesus impels a man to do great things, and stirs him up to be always longing for what is more perfect."—Book III. chap. 5.

WHAT more great than love is found !
Where doth mightier strength abound !
Light all loads she taketh up,
Tastes the sweet in every cup ;
All unhurt she presses on,
Tender feet o'er sharpest stone.

Who in love of Jesus live,
Ceaseless for that love will strive,
On and up, with growing might,
Strain from height attained to height,
Filled with passion for that bliss
Which in love made perfect is.

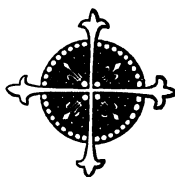
Joys of earth would bind love's wing,
Chain her lest she soar and sing ;
Beating, struggling, day by day,
Free she finds her upward way,

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

With directest flight aspires
Toward the Sun of her desires.

Love so brave, so high, so wise,
Sweetest light of earth and skies !
Giving this our God hath given
All the best He has in heaven ;
Born of God, it cannot rest
Save at home in Jesu's breast.


Love thy God ; thy soul set free,
Glad, exulting, strong shall be.
Thou shalt give, nor count it aught,
All, so that one pearl be bought.
Who hath love this grace hath found,
That all else in love is bound.



III.

"Let me sing the song of love, let me follow
Thee, my Beloved, on high ; let my soul spend
itself in Thy praise, rejoicing through love."

Book III. chap. 5.

S burns 'mid storm and blast
A torch's flickering flame ;
As, by rough winds o'erpast,
Half quenched, it yet at last
Tends upward whence it came.

So burneth love to dwell
Ever with God its choice,
So doth its longing tell ;
Who loves, he knoweth well
The crying of that voice.

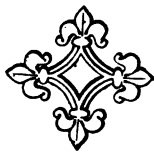
It cries within the heart,
It fills the ear divine ;
"Oh Love, Thy love impart ;
My God, all mine Thou art,
And I am wholly Thine."

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

Fain would I learn to know
That song, repeat that tone ;
With earthly cares weighed low,
I yet would rise and go
Where my Beloved is gone.

There, where can never soar
Faint hopes and love exhaust,
All that I was before,
Left for Thee more and more,
There would I fain be lost.

Bid me on love's wings fly,
And thus borne upward be ;
My hopes are set so high
That I would fain be nigh,
Yea, lose myself in Thee.



IV.

"Is it any great thing that I should serve Thee,
whom the whole creation is bound to serve?"—Book iii.
chap. 10.

AND should it then be counted aught
That I should serve with will and thought?
With heart and soul should love? nay, this
For evermore the marvel is,
That one so poor, so mean, has place
To do Thy will, to see Thy face.

Though I but bring Thee of Thine own,
Thou wilt receive; nor thus alone
Thy lavish grace, Thy mercy free,
Is given, Thou rather servest me:
Thou, greatest, wilt be least of all,
Wilt hear Thy lowest servant's call.

Hast Thou not bid all nature wait
In willing homage on man's state;
Thine angel hosts attend no less
To guard, to minister, to bless!

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

But this excelleth all, to give
Thyself, that we through Thee may live.

I would that, for such grace divine,
The homage of my life were Thine ;
I would, if only for a day,
Some worthy service gladly pay :
So pants my heart, so longs my will ;
What fain I would, that, Lord, fulfil.


Oh easy yoke so lightly laid !
Oh happy service gladly paid !
By whom this rule is understood,
His guerdon is the greatest good :
He shall that wondrous joy attain,
Which, found and felt, doth yet remain.



V.

"How long doth my Lord delay to come?"

Book iii. chap. 21.

 H Jesus, Splendour Infinite !
True glory of the soul ;
Of every faithful heart the Light,
The Guerdon and the Goal !
In pity with Thy servant bear,
While voiceless thus I plead ;
The awe that makes me dumb, my prayer,
My claim, mine utter need.

How long, my Lord, wilt Thou delay
To bless mine empty home ?
I linger, waiting by the way,
I watch till Thou shalt come.
Thine hand stretched forth shall make me blest :
Oh who but Thou wouldst care
To put the sackcloth from my breast,
The ashes from mine hair !

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

Come, then, oh come ! no happy hour
Shall chase my gloom away,
Till Thou shine forth in perfect power,
Bright morning of my day.
I have no wine-cup and no bread,
My lonely board is bare,
Until Thou art my Guest, to spread
The feast Thyself will share.

I will not cease till Thou dost bless,
But cry by day, by night ;
Alone, in loss and loneliness,
Remembering my delight.
Yea, more than I have known of old,
I long to know Thee now :
I touch Thy robe, Thy hand I hold,
I will not let Thee go.



VI.

"O merciful Jesus, enlighten Thou me with a clear shining inward light, and remove away all darkness from the habitation of my heart."

Book iii. chap. 23.

MERCIFUL Jesus, if indeed Thou art,
As in a temple, shrined within my heart,
Then with the shining of clear, inward light,
Scatter and chase the baffled glooms of night :
Full upon me such glory be outpoured
As filled of old the temple of the Lord.

Shut out the thoughts that,—not as suppliants do,
But laden with the things of earth,—pass through ;
Cast down the worldly uses that have found
Their place to tempt me on this hallowed ground :
Needs must without be fighting and distress,—
Be calm within, and priestly hands to bless.

So cometh peace through presence of Thy power,
That gift of closest grace, Thy latest dower ;
So shall my heart, the place where Thou hast taught,
Be ever kept for Thee a holy court ;
Sweet, as with voices of a saintly choir,
Incense of prayer, and an undying fire.

VII.

"My son, I have spoken ; 'Peace I leave with you,
My peace I give unto you : not as the world giveth,
give I unto you.'"—Book iii. chap. 25.

HAVE not I spoken unto thee, my child ?
How shall I bless thee more ?

Risen I speak with the same voice, as mild,
As tender as of yore,
When I called back the dead, and on the children
smiled.

Peace have I left with you, My peace have given ;
Not as the world doth give,
But as cool balm upon a spirit riven,
Soft air where billows strive,
Or the blue, widening gleam that parts the stormy
heaven.

Wouldst thou possess this peace ; be still, be low ;
Peace, with the pure abides ;
Yea, all the humble, all the gentle, know
The shelter where she hides :
Rooted in patience, her fair buds to flowers shall grow.

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

If thou wilt hear Me, and wilt make thy choice
To follow where I lead,
As one who knoweth well his Shepherd's voice,
And loves the sheltered mead,
Then in fair peace shall all thy heart rejoice ;

Then thou shalt find it in the meadow wide,
Where whitest flocks are fed ;
In pastures green with it shalt thou abide,
By living waters led ;
With it from noonday heat in deepest shadows hide.



VIII.

"Blessed be Thy Name, O Lord, for ever; for that it is Thy will that this temptation and tribulation should come upon me."—Book iii. chap. 29.

BLESSED, O Lord, for ever be Thy Name,
In that it is Thy will
This grief should come, this tempting, scorn, and
shame
Should come, and linger still.

There is no way upon the left or right,
No open path for me;
Where through this darkness can I look for light,
If not, dear Lord, to Thee:

To Thee, who canst transmute to joy all pain,
Turn every ill to good;
Canst make of e'en this loss a tenfold gain,
Of bitter herbs sweet food?

But heavy lies the sorrow on mine heart,
All is not well with me;
Alone I weep, I sit and mourn apart;
Wilt Thou not comfort me?

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

Oh save me from this hour ! And yet for this
Has every step been trod :
Thou for this hour didst give and take my bliss ;
Choose Thou for me, my God.

What were smooth paths, if I must walk alone,
Unbid to go or stay ?
Better the sharpest thorns, the hardest stone,
In my appointed way.

So that at length, when I am proved and tried
By chrism and by cup,
Thou art in me, unworthy, glorified,
I by Thy hand raised up.



IX.

"Thou shouldest be as a freed man and a true Hebrew, passing over into the lot and freedom of the sons of God. For they standing upon things present, contemplate things eternal."

Book iii. chap. 38.

HERE are, who on the things of time
Attain with steadfast foot to climb ;
Thence gaze they outward toward their home,
The bright eternities to come.

To them this grace divine is given,
Clear-eyed to look on things of heaven ;
While scarce they turn a careless eye
To watch earth's garish train go by.

Yet, as the weak obey the strong,
To them earth's good and use belong ;
And she whose slaves unpaid must toil,
Brings to her masters all her spoil.

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

If thou, too, stand and steadfast art,
Canst hear her song with quiet heart,
By heavenly rule and measure try
All earthly things that charm thine eye ;

If thou with Moses dost desire
The holy fount, the sacred fire ;
Then shall, in whisper or in word,
The oracle divine be heard.

For curtained shade of holy tent,
Where low in prayer once Moses bent,
Go thou into that place apart,
The veiled closet of thine heart :

And as there shined a light on him,
By which all earthly lamps burn dim ;
So thou shalt see in that still place
The smile of God on Jesu's face.



X.

"When thou shalt have read and known many things, thou must needs ever return to one Beginning and Principle."—Book iii. chap. 43.

HAST thou learnt many things? has Nature taught
The solemn majesty of lonely thought;
Or, plastic to thy hand, has fairest Art
Shewn forth some subtle yearning of the soul?
Or dost thou know the laws that can control
The life of man, and readest thine own heart?

Or hast thou gazed through fold on fold of night,
Thy soul athirst with passion for the light,
Till, one by one, to raptured gaze was given
The faint, far shining of blue stars that gleam
Around the throne of God, whose brightest beam
Faints in the splendour of the Sun of heaven?

All this thou mayst have known, crowned heir of love;
Have dropped into the height, have soared above;
Yet, as all light from out the central sun,

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

All life from one first germ, has source and spring,
So unto God thy Centre seek and cling,
So turn thee to the Truth whence truth begun.

Be thou a child that sits before God's feet :
The more His grace, the more shall it be meet
That thou art humble, knowing now the bound
That holds thy knowledge, and the depth untried,
And all the height unscaled : be God thy Guide,
Who sailest on a sea thou canst not sound.

Alas for him who parts the little course,
Whose drops he drinketh, from its mighty source !
Dead lore and barren wisdom are his dower,
Who from the tree of knowledge plucks the fruit ;
And knows not that the life is in the root,
And that from Thee, its root, spring stem and flower.


The Master comes : and every scholar here,
The little child, the bowed, white-headed seer,
Must unto God, the angels' Lord, reveal
What life has taught ; must open every line
To Him who readeth clear each mystic sign,—
Yea, what late tears would blot, or shame conceal.



XI.

"Life everlasting is worth all these conflicts,
and greater than these.

"Peace shall come in one day which is known
unto the Lord."—Book III. chap. 47.

 H heart that, sad and weary,
Dost count thy load too great,
Thy night too dark and dreary,
Thy way too desolate;
Take comfort in thy sorrow,
God sets an end to woe;
There comes a happy morrow,
A day thy Lord doth know.

Not clear nor dark that morning,
That time not day nor night;
Peace broods upon its dawning,
Secure and infinite.
It sees no cloud o'ercasting
Its sunshine evermore;
No tears, no pain, no fasting,
The vigil eve is o'er.

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

For shame thou shalt have double ;
For one deep sob of woe,
One moment sore of trouble,
Eternal bliss shalt know.
There endless is thy pleasure,
There countless is thy gain ;
Past all degree and measure,
Reward shall comfort pain.

No more with grief and sighing
Thou drawest painful breath ;
There shall be no more crying,
There shall be no more death.
Such festival is holden
Where all God's saints shall be,
Where seers and prophets olden
Shall keep the feast with thee.



XII.

"Lift up thy face therefore unto Heaven; behold, I and all My saints with Me, who in this world had great conflicts, do now rejoice, are now comforted, now secure, now at rest, and shall remain with Me everlastingly in the Kingdom of My Father."—Book iii. chap. 47.



How could thy prayer prevail
But once to lift the veil,
And see the country where the saved rejoice;
Where, with high triumphing,
God's praise they ever sing,
Thousands of thousands one in heart and voice!
For, as is blent afar
The shining of each star,
One in the light of God they ever are.

Oh couldst thou feel the shade
By trees of healing made,
That month by month their tender buds unfurl!
Couldst Zion's towers behold,
Her streets that are of gold,
Her several gates, each fashioned of one pearl;

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

And, with undazzled eyes,
Mark where that stream doth rise,—
The river from the throne to water Paradise.

Oh could thy heart—that here
Is ofttimes sick for fear,
Weary of dark ere night be half-way sped—
Learn how no grief nor woe,
Nor any night they know,
Where God above His own His tent hath spread :
For there the Lamb is Light ;
There every face is bright
With knowledge of a gladness infinite.

Then wouldst thou count it meet
To fall before their feet,
From whom, despised and scorned, men wont to
shrink ;—
The saints, baptized below
With chrism of Christ's woe,
Who, though with blanchèd lips, His cup could drink ;
Who now have grace to stand
Nearest at God's right hand ;
The first to hear and do each blest command.

Then days of tranquil life,
That know nor watch nor strife,

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

Would fail, and fall, and pass from thy desire ;
Then thou wouldst take the cross,
Learning to love the loss,
And to thy Saviour's sorrow to aspire ;
Be it in flood or flame,
In conflict, or in shame,
So thou but suffer somewhat for His name.


Dark lie the shades of death :
No sight, save that of faith,
Can pierce to the bright light within the cloud :
Gaze on ; as in the blue
At length faint stars gleam through,
The unseen land shall glimmer through the shroud ;
Lift up thine eyes on high ;
Hush every tear and sigh ;
Weigh not a moment 'gainst eternity.



XIII.

"O that that day might once appear, and that all
these temporal things were at an end!"

Book iii. chap. 48.

OLDEN city, builded above,
Thy foundations are laid in love!
I see thy gates, each pearl shows like a star,
Thy songs as falls of distant waters are:
Fain would I reach thee, Land that is afar!

Eternal dawn, day of clear light,
Thou hast no noon-tide and no night;
In thy heaven Truth is set for a sun,
Thy children are lightened with truth each one:
Let darkness end; O be my day begun!

To all the saints it smiles and glows,
Each its unending brightness knows!
We are but pilgrims toiling through rough ways,
We through a glass on that far glory gaze,
Or cheer the darkness telling its sweet praise.

Heaven's citizens, they know how blest
That light, that glory, and that rest;

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

Eve's banished children, far shut out are we,
Weeping for toil, and sick for misery ;
O Land of peace, thy joy that we may see !

When shall this be ? when shall our heaven,
So far, so dim, as home be given ?
When shall our feet about that happy place
Tread peacefully ? when shall we have such grace
To be with Thee ; to see, O God, Thy face ?



XIV.

"To the Saints indeed it shineth glowing with uninterrupted brightness, but to those who are pilgrims on the earth, it appeareth only afar off, and as through a glass."—Book iii. chap. 48.

WREATHS for our graves the Lord hath
given,

The cross with crowns is hung,
And blest with music learnt in heaven
Our hymn of praise is sung.
The gulf of death, how dark with fears,
Is bridged by hope and love ;
The memories we have sown in tears
Bloom fair in light above.

Oh, who are these who join with us,
Who set the note of praise ;
Whose gleaming vestures touch us thus,
Whose hearts our hearts upraise ?
These dwelt awhile with us below,
The loved, the gone-before ;
And these the garments white as snow,
They wear on yonder shore.

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

They fought as we are fighting now ;
And still, in blood and flame,
To Christ the Lord they held their vow,
By Him they overcame :
And still with us they have their part ;
How should we faint or fail,
Who know what fellowship of heart
Is ours beyond the veil.

Ours the communion of all saints,
The Church's faithful dead,
To cheer us when our spirit faints,
And hope and strength are fled.
But little have we sight to see,
But faint the tones we hear ;
Yet, drawn by light and melody,
We press one step more near.



XV.

"O merciful Iesu, when shall I stand to behold
Thee? when shall I contemplate the glory of Thy
Kingdom? when wilt Thou be unto me all in all?"

Book III. chap. 48.

HERE is glory and rejoicing, where the ransomed
people stand ;

Oh the thousands and ten thousands praising Thee
at Thy right hand ;

Fairer than all dreams of glory, shews the sunlight of
that land.

Here my will is bound and fettered ; there, they walk
at liberty,

With the people who are blessed, with the children
of the free :

Would that He who broke their bondage also spake
the word to me.

Bruised and torn, here comfort dieth ; there, fair peace
is rooted fast,

Flagging not for sun of pleasure, bending not for
sorrow's blast :

Would the chances and the changes manifold were
overpast !

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

Here on day the night is waiting, here our laughter
breaks in tears :

There, the sun sinks never westward through the
golden happy years ;

There, they weep not loss nor failure, see no shade
of coming fears.

Here we weep, each one weeps lonely ; there, no
mourner sits apart :

To that lovely, distant country sends Thy banished all
his heart,

Longing, with his whole desire, to be with Thee where
Thou art.

Here, as through a glass and darkly, gaze we on the
happy place

Where the blessed live before Thee, see and know
Thee face to face :

All my heart is filled with yearning for the joy of
Thine embrace.



XVI.

"Gather in, and call home my senses unto Thee;
make me to forget all worldly things.

Book iii. chap. 48.

Ⓔ ALL home to Thee my sense and thought,
And loose from earthly care,
That all my soul be fully brought
To rise toward Thee in prayer.

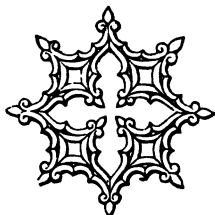
Oh Thou, the Truth that dieth not,
My help and succour be;
That sin be conquered, earth forgot,
And nothing known but Thee.

Come heavenly sweetness to my heart,
And softly enter in;
There is a temple where Thou art
Free from myself and sin.

In pity, Lord, my weakness bear;
And gently deal with me,
So often as I think in prayer,
On anything but Thee.


Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

Were but my treasure stored in heaven,
Then would my wayward love,
That seeks it here, be fully given
To sanctities above.



XVII.

"I long after the joy of Peace, the peace of Thy children."—Book iii. chap. 50.

 H that I might have peace ;
That Thou wouldst send one hour when
strife should cease !

After such calm I long,
Yea, faint and pine ; I am not as the strong,
Who may abide their armour day and night,
And take soft rest upon the field of fight.

Of old there have been days
When all my heart went out to Thee in praise ;
When bright Thy comfort shone,
And in its light I have beheld Thine own,
With children's ample portions freely fed ;
Yea, crumbs to me have fallen of that dear bread.

Oh let night pass away,
Let all this darkness melt into the day ;
Let peace and joy and light
Fulfil my soul with gladness infinite,

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

Soft cadences, in perfect peace that die,
Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.

But must it still be night,
Still silent sleep the voice of my delight ;
Then will I wait and weep,
Then solemn fast and vigil duly keep ;
Cheer hope and heart with thought of days of old,
And trust Thee through the shadows manifold.



XVIII.

"Unto Thee I commend myself."

Book iii. chap. 50.

TO Thy keeping would commend
All this I am, my way, my end :
Be ne'er by me Thy will withstood,
Who doest only what is good.

Grief, like an handmaid, many years
Hath dwelt with me ; my friends are tears :
Dark shadows from the past are thrown
Far down the path I tread alone.

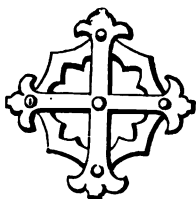
While rest rose-hues upon the hills,
Thick darkness oft their hollows fills :
So lies upon my life the night,
While yet above, around, is light.

Through all the mists that o'er me move
I know Thy day shines clear above ;
Thou Sun of every darkened spot,
I trust Thee, though I see Thee not.

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

For Thine are all things ; yea, of Thee
The very griefs I weep to see :
Then surely in their heart is set
The comfort that shall bless me yet.

Yea, Thou art gladness ; every bliss
Is summed and bound and sealed in this,—
That Thou, though earth beneath me shake,
Wilt never leave me nor forsake.



XIX.

"My mouth can utter nothing but this word only,
'I have sinned, O Lord! I have sinned; have mercy
on me, pardon me!'"—Book iii. chap. 52.

HAVE I done aught, O Lord, that Thou shouldst
give

Comfort and grace to me?

I, through so many years content to live,

Yet not to live to Thee.

For I remember not one deed of mine,

Not one through all these years,

Which I dare bring Thee, and account as Thine,

Till washed with bitter tears.

Lord, this is true,—I have been quick to sin,

Slow ever to amend;

My Judge condemns, and not without, within,

Is one who dare defend.

My lips are in the dust; the only word

I find to whisper, this :—

"Have pity on me; I have sinned, O Lord,

Have sinned, and done amiss."


Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

Let me weep yet a little ; stay Thine hand ;
I mourn with every breath,
Until I go unto the darkened land,
The silent land of death.



XX.

"Where hath it ever been well with me without Thee? or when could it be ill with me, when Thou wert present?"—Book III. chap. 59.

 H not in any place on earth
Hath it been well with me,
Except when joy in Thee had birth,
And I abode in Thee.
But didst Thou hide Thy face awhile,
Earth's joy was turned to pain;
In all her mirth I saw no smile,
In all her store no gain.

If Thou dost take Thy lamp away,
Earth's silver shade is nought;
From Thee the glories of her day,
As sparks from fire, are caught.
Yea, signs and guesses dim they are
Of endless love and might;
The faint, white shining of a star,
To Thee, Thou Source of Light.

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

I would give all for Thee, my Lord,
Yet all were nought to give ;
For what, save Thee, can joy afford,
Or what without Thee live ?
Rather would I wend to and fro,
So Thou the pathway trod,
Than sit in heaven, if I could know
A heaven without my God.

Thy smile is heaven ; Thy face withdrawn,
Leaves all to night and death ;
There falls no rain, there gleams no dawn,
There stirs no peaceful breath.
What gladness can my heart desire
That is not found in Thee ;
To what far goal can hope aspire,
Save thus fulfilled to be ?



XXI.

"Protect and keep the soul of me the meanest
of Thy servants. Direct it along the way of peace
to its home of everlasting brightness."—Book III.
chap. 59.

THERE is a way of peace, that leads
Through bordered fields and quiet meads ;
Those greenest meadows shepherds keep,
Abiding 'mid their watered sheep.

No evil beast may pass that way,
Thence never pilgrims' footsteps stray ;
But God's redeemed, with happy feet,
Press on their nearing joy to meet.

For still they see beyond them far
A light that shineth as a star,
A glory 'twixt the gates of gold,
A gleam as when white wings unfold.

Lo now the sounds of harping rare,
Slow falling through the upper air ;
The perfumed air, with sweetness fed,
More fine than whitest lily-bed.

Of Christ speaking Inwardly.

Beyond earth's changeful fashioning,
Beyond the sweep of death's wide wing,
Beyond the last dark fall of shade,
That home of endless light is made.

Oh thither fain my feet would go ;
My lips would sing the song they know,
Who, crowned with joy, to Zion press
Along the path of lowliness :

Until,—as fades across the bay
The moon's broad track at break of day,—
The shining path by pilgrims trod
Ends in full presence of their God.



OF THE HOLY COMMUNION.

I.

"Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you,' saith the Lord.

"The bread which I will give is My Flesh, for the life of the world.'

"Take ye and eat: this is My Body which is given for you: Do this in remembrance of Me.'

"He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him.'

"The Words which I have spoken unto you are Spirit and Life."

BUT who am I, that I should deem
Such words for me, so sweet they seem;
Dear as the voice that welcomes home
The weary exile half-way come.

Yet as the wanderer dreads to taste
The love he hath not feared to waste,
And trembles, noting one by one
Familiar scenes too long foregone;

Of the Holy Communion.

Till last he sooner falls and dies,
Than meets Love's unreproachful eyes ;
So I, though wide Thy door be set,
Stand faint without, and perish yet.

But all the mighty courts above
Bound not Thine overflowing love ;
Thou seek'st Thy lost, yea, Thou wilt come
And dwell with us, to lead us home.

To poorest shelter, broken hut,
Thou comest, though the door be shut ;
Thy pitying hand the latch lifts up,
And Thou wilt enter in and sup.

I would go forth my Guest to meet,
But all my sins withhold my feet ;
I tremble till my door admit
Thy holy footsteps, blessing it.

Yet even now my wayward thought
By many a passing change is caught ;
That nought should heed, but how to bless
My Lord's exceeding gentleness.

I would that, for one hour at least,
My heart were set to keep the feast,
With faith made pure, with love intense,
That sears and burns the veil of sense.

II.

"For who is there, that approaching humbly
unto the fountain of sweetness, doth not carry
away from thence at least some little sweetness?"

Book iv. chap. 4.

WHO, that where founts of sweetness spring
Hath leave his cup to dip,
Bears not away some drops that cling,
Some sweetness on his lip?

Who, standing in a fire's full smile,
Feels not its mighty glow,
And knows, at least a little while,
Some warmth where'er he go?

Thou, O dear Lord, a Fountain art,
Which overflows alway;
A Fire, whose deep and glowing heart
Pales not, nor knows decay.

I may not reach the Fountain-head
As yet, nor drink my fill;
But where the stream of grace is led,
My soul receives Thee still.

Of the Holy Communion.


I burn not yet, as those in heaven
Who see Thy Face divine :
Let grace to know Thee here be given
In these Thy bread and wine.

And what in me there lacks supply,
Lord Jesus, Saviour blest ;
To whose strong heart the weary fly,
That Thou mayst give them rest.



III.

"Behold, I offered up Myself wholly unto My Father for thee; I give also My whole Body and Blood for thy food, that I might be wholly thine, and that thou mightest continue Mine to the end."—Book iv. chap. 8.

HRIST speaks: "My child, it was by Mine own will

I offered up Myself in verity;
Purenness for sin, My good to cleanse thine ill;
Yea, very God for thee.

"See how upon the cross My hands were nailed;
See how they fastened there My flesh, My soul;
See all Myself—for thee no less availed,
I gave a Victim whole.

"That I, no least thing keeping that was Mine,
My all content for thee to freely spend,
Might see thee thine whole self to Me resign,
Be Mine unto the end.

Of the Holy Communion.

“That thou might in like manner, for thy part,
Partaking of the daily wine and bread,
Offer thyself to Me ; yea, all thou art,
And to the world be dead.

“A living sacrifice in Me thus live ;
Mine all the strength and passion of thy love ;
Mine all the reach of every power I give,
Of every hope I move.

“What more than this do I require of thee ?
Thus in Mine hands in silent love to lie ;
Thus every day in Me to live, to be ;
Thus unto Me to die.”



IV.

"Herein then Thou hast regard to my weakness,
that Thou dost veil Thyself under this Sacramental
sign."—Book iv. chap. 11.

✻ NCE did the Christ, in flesh that was as ours,
Full godhead and the Father's glory hide ;
Else, when He touched the earth, had all men died :
Thus shines the sun through clouds soft-hued with
showers.

Jesus ! who wast so tender in Thy might,
That little children lingered round Thy way,
And sinners left Thee pardoned : oh, to-day,
To-day draw near in pity infinite.

Come once again, dear Lord, but veiled as then,
Thy perfect glory hidden in this sign :
Thus may each heart receive the Christ divine ;
Thus doth our Lord come down to dwell with men.



V.

"As to me, I ought to be content with the light of true faith, and therein to walk, till the day of everlasting brightness shall dawn, and the shadows of figures pass away."—Book iv. chap. 11.



HIDDEN light! O awful sign!
Through which we trace the Christ divine;
Symbol of all that seers of old,
In trance and vision high, foretold:
By faith perceived, not sight,
By love adored unseen;
From out our dark we lean
Toward sunshine infinite.

Thou mystic feast, that, age by age,
In golden signs down life's dark page,
From Israel's triumph night we trace;
Till spreads beyond the chosen race
Thy pledge of surest faith,
Thy sign of free release,
The Sinless made our peace;
Our life redeemed through death.

Of the Holy Communion.

Ah ! still from Judah's Vine we press
The cup of blessing that we bless ;
And still, with truth's unleavened bread,
We keep the feast for her once spread.

The sacred symbols glow
With meaning more and more,
Though half their hidden lore
We may not hope to know.

At length, the everlasting day
Shall chase all shadows far away ;
As melt the stars in noontide light,
So, in God's glory, sign and rite
By which we see Him near,
By which His love doth dwell
With His own Israel,
Shall fade and disappear.

Ah ! then, to see Him face to face,
Whose veiled form we dimly trace ;
Ah ! then, to know, as we are known,
The lights that here by shades are shewn.
Ever, with open face,
More closely still to see
Each mighty mystery,
Each symbol of God's grace.

VI.

"In the meantime I will walk in faith, strengthened
by the examples of the Saints."

Book iv. chap. 11.

THE saints behold Thy face
Within the kingdom of Thy grace ;
Thou walkest with them there,
Thou, the most Fair !
They hear when speaks Thy voice ;
And, hearing it, they dare rejoice.

Erewhile in patience great
Upon this earth they wont to wait ;
Faith was from day to day
Their shield and stay ;
Night was not counted long,
For learning of the matin song.

Their trust, I trow, is mine ;
I hope, as they, for Thy divine :
I, too, made pure from sin,
Would enter in ;
Yea, dwell, as one at home,
In that dear land where they are come.

Of the Holy Communion.

On the way as I go,
In deserts passing to and fro,
Shall those who went before
Yet more and more
Be with me, point the way,
Whither to hasten, where to stay.

In holy chart and roll
I touch them, soul to soul ;
Yea, in the holiest book
With them I look ;
Feeling their tears, their calm ;
Hearing their chant in every psalm.


Upon the wine and bread
I feed, as once they also fed ;
Thy holy flesh and blood
Their chiefest good ;
Sweet manna, that sustained
Until the promised land was gained.



VII.

"I seek a pure heart, and there is the place of
My rest.

"Make ready for Me a large upper room furnished, and I will keep the passover at thy house with My disciples."—Book iv. chap. 12.

HRIST seeks a cleansèd heart,
A chamber set apart ;
Fear not, whoe'er thou art,
Unto the worst and least
May grace be more increased,
If Jesus come to thee, and keep the feast.

Thus saith He : " Make thee meet,
Prepare, where I may eat,
An ordered chamber sweet :
Then, though no board be spread,
Lo, I will bring the Bread,
And from the Vine of heaven thy cup make
red."

But look thou ere He come,
Purge leaven from thy home ;
Search there for every crumb :

Of the Holy Communion.

For every thought within,
Tainted by self and sin,
Such cast thou out before the day begin.

Then shut the world without,
The noisy throng and rout
Of sins that press about ;
And, silent and alone,
Sit thou and make thy moan,
Weep that thou art not worthy He should come.

Nor weep alone, but pray ;
When sin is put away,
Then seek thou every day
Some grace that thou mayst wear ;
Or deck thy chamber bare
With loving deeds, that He may find it fair.

Thus may thy love be proved ;
As loving hearts are moved
To make for their beloved
The best, the fairest place,
So gather every grace ;
So make thee pure, if thou wouldst see God's
face.



VIII.

"When I bestow on thee the grace of Devotion,
give thanks to thy God.

"Thou hast need of Me, I have no need of thee."

Book iv. chap. 12.

WHEN thou canst pray, first for such grace give
thanks ;

Freely it cometh ; as a healthful breath
From life's pure river, o'er a land of death,
Beareth the perfume of its leafy banks.

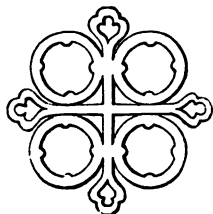
Freely, as fell of old the holy fire ;
Unbought, as God doth give our daily bread ;
Sudden, as, when dark thunder-clouds have fled,
Fair crimson sunset flushes hill and spire.

Count not this grace of good desert the meed,
Nor that thyself art worthy in God's eyes :
He sendeth rain ere thinnest mists arise,
His greatest mercy waits on greatest need.

If with thy God a voice plead sweet and low,
It is His love with His own love doth speak ;
It is His strength that gives thee, else so weak,
The force to hold Him that He may not go.

Of the Holy Communion.

All His the gift, the grace ; the need all thine :
Then watch the loving hand till it uncloze ;
Open thy windows ere the west wind blows ;
Pile high the scented wood upon the shrine.



IX.

"Would that I might obtain this favour, Lord, to find Thee alone and by Thyself, to open unto Thee my whole heart, and enjoy Thee even as my soul desireth."—Book iv. chap. 13.

GRACE hast Thou given, add to all this grace,
That I may now behold Thy face ;
That I may come where Thou dost dwell alone,
And in Thy presence be the only one.

Oh I would hear Thee call me by a name
Which none but Thee have ever known ;
The new, sweet word, that speaks the dearest claim
By which Thou choosest me to be Thine own.

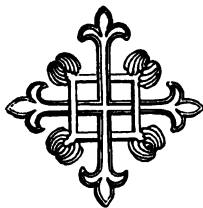
There would I open to Thee all mine heart,
There would I speak to Thee apart ;
And never care to taste of other bliss,
Being fulfilled and satisfied with this.

Thus doth a friend feast gladly with his friend ;
For me unto the banquet send :
Thus with his one beloved a lover speaks ;
Such whispers of Thy grace my spirit seeks.

Of the Holy Communion.

Thus be my soul with hidden manna fed,
Thy flesh and blood my wine and bread ;
That so, with vision cleared, I may behold
The land far off, the city of pure gold.

Ah when shall I, myself and earth forgot,
Love nought where Thou art not ;
Press to that calm where all earth's sounds have
ceased,
A pilgrim ever looking toward the east.



X.

"Verily, Thou art my Beloved, the Choicest amongst thousands, in whom my soul is well pleased to dwell all the days of her life.

"Verily, Thou art my Peacemaker."—Book iv. chap. 13.

THOU my Beloved art,
The first, the best.

Whom can I seek but Thee ; or, found, who good
can be
But Thou, in whose strong heart
My heart has rest.

In Thee, well pleased to dwell,
Would I abide :
There comes no day nor night, unfolds no new
delight,
Can draw me by its spell
To leave Thy side.

Of the Holy Communion.

Thou art the peace of earth,
Thyself fair Peace :
Life's curse through Thee is blest, its strife brings
rest,
And, as at music's birth,
All discords cease.

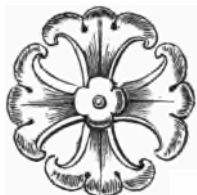
Yea ! that we deem so strange,
Love's opening tone :
At touches of Thy hand, our dull ears understand,
Through many a fall and change,
Till song is one.

Life of all life Thou art ;
Thus seen and felt :
Light, scantily overlaid with visible, dim shade,
Which Thy divine doth part,
As snow-wreaths melt.

Upon the waters calm
Is glassed Thy face ;
Thou on the wind dost ride, dost walk on the
hill-side ;
And praise, in ceaseless psalm,
Fills every place.

Of the Holy Communion.

Hush ! restless tide, oh cease !
Rough winds be dumb !
Hush, long unresting heart ! His care thou art ;
Jesus is made thy peace,
And He is come.



XI.

"For they truly know their Lord in the breaking of bread, whose heart within them so vehemently burneth, whilst Thou, O blessed Jesu, dost walk and converse with them."—Book iv. chap. 14.

DESIREST thou that Christ be by thy side ?
Then grieve if yet His face He seem to hide.

Wouldst thou that He should shew thee of His truth ?
Then, thinking of His sorrows, weep for ruth.

Shall He be with thee when the night is near ?
Stay thou beside Him whilst the noon shines clear.

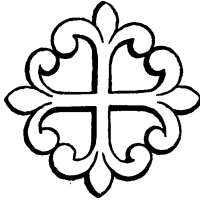
Wouldst have Him enter thy poor house and stay ?
See that thou walk with Him beside the way.

Shall He abide with thee, His grace to shew ?
Constrain Him, though He make as He would go.

Of the Holy Communion.

Wouldst know thy Lord in breaking holy bread?
Look that betimes for Him the board be spread.

Wouldst thou in Him Love's very self discern?
See that with love thy heart within thee burn.



XII.

**"The grace of Devotion is to be waited for, with
good hope and humble patience."**

Book iv. chap. 15.

IN a moment's sudden space
Cometh God's free gift of grace ;
Sought how oft, withheld how long,
Waited for with yearning strong.
Wood and water all were found ;
The appointed victim bound ;
Yet the holy gift of fire
Answered not thy heart's desire.

Truly, if at word of ours,
Ever waked God's mighty powers,
We might use, as charm or sign,
Mysteries of grace divine.
Therefore for this glory wait,
Nor account God's gifts as late ;
Look thou first to do thy part,
Then take patience to thine heart.

Of the Holy Communion.

Yet beware thou well the while
Lest thy sin forbid God's smile ;
Ere thou count thy need forgot,
See that thou resist Him not.
Wouldst thou feel the light of day ?
Clear all dust and stain away ;
Rise, and cleanse thee from thy sin ;
So shall Jesus enter in.



XIII.

"For the Lord bestoweth His blessings there, where
He findeth the vessels empty."

Book iv. chap. 15.

COME with a single heart,
When thou comest to God most high ;
Open in every part
To the light of the blessed sky.
Let never cloud of sin,
Nor veil that of doubt has been spun,
Keep thee its folds within,
From gladness and glow of God's sun.

God comes to hearts laid bare,
When life's winter has bound them fast :
He speaks ; full buds are there,
And flowers that shall bloom and shall last.
Canst thou forsake this earth ?
Canst turn from thyself and from sin ?
Then fear thou not for dearth,
'Tis the Lord who shall enter in.

Of the Holy Communion.

It is the empty cup
That is filled at His word divine ;
Lo, when men take it up,
How the water is flushed to wine.
'Tis when the heart is still,
And earth's hope as a nestless bird,
Songs of the blessed thrill,
And the carols of heaven are heard.

Then the free heart is borne,
Upon tides of His endless grace,
To the holy gates of morn,
To the light of the blessed place.
There shall be fullest sight,
As with deepest love we adore,
Where dearth, and frost, and night,
Shall be over for evermore.



XIV.

"Lift up my heart to Thee in Heaven, and send me
not away to wander over the earth."

Book iv. chap. 16.

STAND before Thee poor,
A suppliant at Thy door ;
Here would I fain be fed
With true, with living bread.

An outcast I ; I chose
All these my bitter woes ;
I would have none of Thee,
Yet now, Lord, pity me.

This is the gate of home ;
Send me not forth to roam
A beggar in the wild,
For I am called Thy child.

For all my life hath been
A search for something seen,
Just grasped, then lost again ;
Yearned for with sharpest pain.

Of the Holy Communion.

But every step I trod
Away from Thee, my God,
But held me from my quest,
But shut me off from rest.

Oh let me see Thy face,
For holy is this place ;
Fain would I evermore
Dwell here beside the door.

Here would I watch and wait,
A beggar at Thy gate ;
My only hope to live
The alms that Thou wilt give.

When Thou hast blessed my food,
Then only be it good :
Each burden and each loss
Turn Thou into a cross.

Nought may I count as sweet
Save here, before Thy feet,
In grief and love to lie ;
Yea, here to live, to die.



XV.

"O that with Thy Presence Thou wouldst wholly inflame, consume, and transform me into Thyself; that I might be made one Spirit with Thee, by the grace of inward Union, and by the meltings of ardent love!"—Book iv. chap. 16.

LIE before Thy face, as one
Prostrate beneath the awful sun,
Athirst for depths of light :
Oh bid the hiding clouds unroll,
And burn, inflame, conform my soul,
Filled by Thine infinite.

Oh that I might, thus fused in fire,
Be one with Thee ; that each desire,
Each hope and aim were Thine ;
By inward union, grace outpoured,
Be made one spirit with my Lord,
And filled with love divine.

Suffer me not from out this glow
Cold to depart : I will not go,
But here before Thee fall.

Of the Holy Communion.

Oh that I might be found in Thee,
Thus from myself and sin set free,
My God, my Life, my All.

Thou shoreless sea of perfect light,
Fulfil me with Thine infinite,
And make my life Thine own :
Thou only ; open all my heart,
And ever, tide on tide, impart
Thy love, Thy love unknown.



XVI.

"Go forward therefore with simple and undoubting faith, and with the reverence of a supplicant draw thou near to the Holy Sacrament; and whatsoever thou art not able to understand, commit securely to Almighty God."—Book iv. chap. 18.

WITH simple heart and thought draw near,
What God shall give thee take,

In perfect love that casts out fear;

In trust no doubt may shake;

In prayer, that, dimly understood,

Seeks more than faith discerns;

That scarce may ask the thing it would,

Touch that for which it yearns.

Then thou before the veiled shrine,

In reverent awe, shalt see

God's hidden things, yea, Christ's divine,

Awhile revealed to thee.

Though in this land thou hast not trod,

Though all unlearned thou art,

Lean thou in simple trust on God,

Who loves the poor in heart.

Of the Holy Communion.


The humble God doth ever guide ;
And still with such as these,
He walks, on many an eventide,
Among the garden trees.



XVII.

"For faith and love do here specially take the lead, and work in hidden ways, in this most holy, most supremely excellent Sacrament."

Book iv. chap. 18.

 S unknown forces bring
The hidden life of spring,
Thus born are faith and love :
They work in silent ways,
Whereof is none who says,
"See here or there they move."

As faint the sun shines through,
Then widens o'er the blue,
What time night shrinks away ;
So, in this holy feast,
Are faith and love increased
From dawn to perfect day.

Who knows the ways of God,
Where He the deep hath trod,
In mercy or in wrath ?

Of the Holy Communion.

Around His face are rolled
Dark clouds in fold on fold,
The waters are His path.

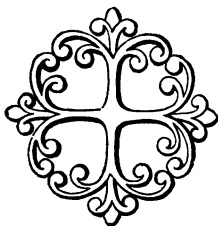
In all God works unseen ;
Thick darkness is His screen ;
His dwelling is afar :
We see, in shade or sign,
The form, the word divine,
But know not what they are.

And can we hope to trace
The hidden life of grace,
The springs that are in Him ;
Where, in divinest thought,
Most near our souls are brought,
There most our eyes are dim.

Here love hath reached its height ;
Here faith pressed close on sight ;
Here most they fall and fail :
Thus humbled, Lord, we kneel,
The while Thy hands reveal
The Ark within the veil.

Of the Holy Communion.

Kneel we in dust full low :
How should we hope to know
 The grace all thought above ;
The sacred love thus shewn,
Yet all the more unknown,
 God's very heart of love.



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